Englands Object:

Or, Good and true Newes to all True-hearted Subjects, for the taking and apprehending of that horrid deluding Sower of Sedition Hugh Peters, by the name of Thomson, in Southwarke, Saturday September the first: With his Examination and Entertainment by the rest of the Rebellious crew now in the Tower of London.

The tune is, Come hither my own sweet Duck.

COme let us triumph and be jolly
Ye Cavaliers every one,
For I have merry News to tell ye
then my Diurnall can:
Hugh Peters he is taken,
of a truth I tell to you,
The Rump is not forsaken,
to them he'l preach anew.
Then hey ho, Hugh Peters
cannot you find a Text,
To please your fellow Brethren,
they are so highly vext.

This is the man was wanting
above this three months space,
And all the Rump lamenting
they could not see his face,
For he was deeply learned,
all which they very well knew,
But since he is returned
now Gallows claim thy due.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
cannot you quote a Text,
To please your holy Sisters
they are so highly vext.

Now having so much leisure,
to tell what came to passe,
Concerning of his censure
and how he taken was.
In Southwarke side he lodged,
some-times in Kentish Town:
From place to place he dogged,
till publikely he was known.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
how like you now the Text
Methinks the Tower Quarters
have made you soundly vext.

He strangely turn'd his name,
and Thomson he was call'd,
Or like a Country-man
in debts had bin intháal'd
He kept himselfe so close,
by craftie cunning charms,
Till apprehended was
by a Serjeant high at Armes.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
your wits did you deceive
To change your Surry quarters
and come with us to live.

Come Peters I must tell you
your crafts beguild you now,
Bad fortune have befall you,
and all your jovial crew.
The Rump hath got a sloving,
Hugh Peters got a fall,
And Haslerig is chiding,
like the Diebel amongst them all.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters,
can't you quote out a Text
To learn Sir Arthur patience
that is so highly vext.

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When to the Tower he came
as hetherto us'd to do:
There met him *Henry* Vain,
both Scot and Mildmay too:
When he to preach a Sermon,
the Spirit did him call,
Drew forth an old Diurnal
and preach'd before them all:
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
they lik'd your Doctrine well,
Which gave them such direction
how they should go to hell.

The next that came was a Rumper,
and cal'd great Haselrig,
Ile warrant ye he was a thumper
to dance a Parliament jigg:
He joyed to see his Chaplain,
and did congratulate
But never was such tatling,
concerning Church and State
As was between these creatures
I must tell to you
Sir Arthur and Hugh Peters,
the Gallows claim his due,

Luke Robinson came after
the Parson for to view,
And asked if Sir Arthur
had heard his Sermon now,
Who said that he had quoted
a noble Rumping Text,
For which he should be Hot on
at Tyburn to preach next.
Then hey ho Hugh Peters
my heart shall never rue
In such a worthy portion
Esquire Dun shall pay thy due
The Tower is strongly mann'd
and Peters he is within
I'm sure he had a hand
in martering of our King.
Now all will be disclosed
and brought to publick view,
If that he be opposed
then Gallows claim thy due.
With hey ho Hugh Peters
you are fast within our locks,
Therefore declare the persons
disguised in white Frocks.
These that had on long Wizards
did on the Scaffold stand
Like base presumptuous Wizards,
plac'd by the Divels hand.
So expert and so even
was one 'tis thought 'twas you
The blow was fatal given
come Peters tell me true.
Examine all your fellows
prove it perfectlie
Or else on Tyburn Gallows
your neck shall hanged be.

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septemb. 1660.